

fast and exciting and lasted eleven innings. Notre Dame won by the score of 9 to 8.

Welch is hitting like a leaguer. Grant of South Bend shared the hitting honors, taking four for South Bend.

Shea is playing in the field in exceptional form, making four great stops and throwing out the man each time.

Burns pitched the first five innings and held the Greens to three hits.

South Bend	R	H	P	A	E
McKee, l. f.	1	1	3	1	0
Tiery, c. f.	0	2	3	0	1
Silvers, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Mulligan, ss.	0	2	2	1	3
Bachbaum, 3b.	1	1	6	5	2
Searles, c.	1	1	5	4	0
Sumertol, 1b.	2	0	11	0	1
Grant, 2b.	1	4	1	0	2
Williams, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Ferris, p.	1	0	0	0	0
Hutzel, p.	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 8 18 32 11 9

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
O'Neill, 3b.	2	3	0	5	0
Welch, c. f.	2	4	3	0	0
McNerny, 2b.	1	1	0	3	0
Stopper, 1b.	1	2	17	0	1
Shea, ss.	1	1	3	5	1
Monahan, l. f.	1	1	0	0	1
McCarthy, r. f.	0	2	1	0	1
Sheehan, c.	0	0	8	2	0
Burns, p.	0	0	0	0	1
Perce, p.	1	1	1	2	2

Totals 9 15 33 17 7

Struck out—By Burns, 5; by Perce, 3. Two base hits—O'Neill, Tiery, Mulligan, Grant. Hit by pitched ball—Perce. Double play—Grant to Sumertol. Wild pitch—Williams. Umpire, Cook.

(Continued from page 440.)

"Won't I see you again, Miss Vernon," he asked?

"Perhaps, Mr. Apollo," said she, still employing the pseudonym, though he had confessed his real name; "the world is not so wide." But she gave him no address.

"Well, it was pleasant," mused Billy to himself as he walked up the street. "I hope she really isn't Daphne Vernon. But if she isn't, will I ever see her again? Well, I don't care, anyway," he ended positively kicking spitefully at an imaginary obstruction on the sidewalk.

To tell the truth, Billy Barton's mind was chaotic as he accompanied Bob Carleton

to dinner at the Vernon home the evening before the wedding. He was to meet the intended bride for the first time, though he mentally added "perhaps," every time that thought arose.

Two slender, dark-haired girls, one of whom greatly resembled Barton's train acquaintance, were awaiting the visitors in the parlor. Billy had hardly recovered his composure before Carleton was introducing them.

"Miss Daphne Vernon,—Mr. William Barton;" to the surprise of that worthy individual it was the other girl who bowed in acknowledgment.

"Miss Alice Vernon—Mr. Barton," and Billy found himself looking into the roguish eyes of his heroine. "You know Alice is to be bridesmaid," added Bob. Yes, to be sure, Billy knew that, but he found himself wondering why Carleton had picked out the older sister, for Alice was easily the prettier and, to all appearances, the more charming. At any rate, he found consolation in the profound thought that "Taste is, after all,—well—merely a matter of taste."

Barton could not tell how the time had really passed so rapidly until he found himself alone in the parlor with Alice Vernon, her sister and Carleton having stayed behind to consult over a cup of tea on some of the details of the ceremony.

"So you don't remember the story of Daphne and Apollo?" Billy was asking her.

"Tell it to me," she said impulsively.

"Well, once upon a time, Apollo mocked Cupid's infantile efforts in archery, and in anger the little god shot him with the golden arrow of love, and at the same time wounded Daphne with the leaden arrow of aversion, so that she repulsed all his advances and finally fled from him."

The maiden was silent.

"How about a modern Daphne?" asked Billy impersonally.

"But my name is not Daphne, you know," she replied.

"And mine is not Apollo." After a moment in a tender tone he queried eagerly:

"That myth does not hold good in our case, does it?"

"No," she said, in a voice so low that he could hardly catch her words, "no, it does not." And it didn't.

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Rondeau.

BYRNE M. DALY '07.

THE sweetest girl she was, to me,
Of all the girls. So sweet was she
That lilies seemed where'er she went
To droop their heads in discontent,
Outrival'd by her modesty.

Her simple soul appeared to be
From artificial forms still free,
And on a noble mission sent—
The sweetest girl.

Like some white sail come far from sea
That nears the harbor gracefully
She neared my shore. The element
Of death made vain my long intent,
But still she lives in memory,
The sweetest girl.

Henry Kirke White.

WALTER J. O'DONNELL, '06.



OF all who have risen to eminence few have been of less humble birth, at least on the paternal side, than Kirke White. His father, we are told, was a butcher, though his mother bore the genteel name, Neville, in consequence of which we may presume she was of an illustrious family. The poet was born at Nottingham on the twenty-first of March, 1785. At a very early age his mind became "susceptible of poetic associations," and he himself tells us how at thirteen years he hastened from the sports of the children and sought spots where he could indulge in flights of imagination.

The sports of childhood charmed my soul no more,
Far from the scene of gaiety and noise,
Far from the turbulent and empty joys,
I hied me to the o'erarching shade,
And there, on mossy carpet, listless laid,
While at my feet the rippling runnel ran,
The days of wild romance antique I'd scan,
Soar on the wings of fancy through the air
To realms of light, and pierce the radiance there.

At the age of three he

Entered, though with toil and pain,
The low vestibule of learning's fame.

The school was conducted by a "venerable dame" whose worth White has gratefully commemorated. When he had attained his sixth year Henry was placed under the direction of the Reverend John Blanchard, who, it is said, "kept the best school in Nottingham." Our poet remained with this gentleman several years; but his father intended him for a profession other than literary, and as a preparation for this future work "all his leisure," his biographer tells us, "and an entire day each week, was spent in delivering meat and taking orders." What a sad sight it must have been to see this youth, this child of Nature, walking the streets with his basket on his arm and his thoughts high above his surroundings.

He enjoyed the instruction of Mr. Blanchard for five years, and was then removed from school and placed at a stocking loom. This we imagine ill suited the boy with poetical aspirations. From his mother he had no secrets and into her ear he poured his discontent. "He could not bear," he said, "the idea of shining and folding stockings." All his remonstrances were at first ineffectual, but seldom does it occur that an objection arises which perseverance will not overcome. His father's obstinacy was at last vanquished. Henry's condition was bettered. Through the

influence of friends, especially his mother's relatives, he obtained a position in a lawyer's office. Here he had ample opportunity to pursue his studies.

At the suggestion of his employers he commenced the study of Latin, and Mr. Southey tells us that "with but slight assistance, White was able within ten months to read Horace with some facility." He also turned his mind to the sciences, languages and music, in which latter branch we might suppose, judging from a poem written between the age of fourteen and fifteen, he was well versed.

An incident is told of our poet which occurred about this time. Were it not from the pen of Southey we would regard the event as fictitious. Henry's ambition always tended toward the literary profession. In his fourteenth year he sought admission into a literary circle comprising some twenty men, seven of whom were professors. It strikes us as being exceedingly bold on the part of a lad to seek the company of elders. At first the members strenuously opposed him on the plea of youth, but finally admitted him to their sanctum. The chair of literature becoming vacant, White, by some unknown coincidence, was elected to the position. "Taking genius as his theme," his biographer says, "he addressed the assembly in an extemporaneous lecture of two hours and three-quarters duration, with so much success that the audience unanimously voted him their thanks, declaring that the society had never heard a better lecture delivered from the chair which he so much honored." No doubt if White had lived to manhood this youthful burst of eloquence would have caused him many blushes.

In the following year he wrote extensively for the *Monthly Mirror*, a magazine of considerable renown, and which counted among its contributors, Lofft, Campbell and Southey. Encouraged by his many friends, Henry began the compilation of a book of verse. Most authors who have gained celebrity in the literary world have made their appearance by a little volume of poor verse: Wordsworth with his "Descriptive Sketches," Keats by his "Sonnets," Southey with "Watt Tyler," and White with his boyish rhymes in "Clifton Grove."

The book was dedicated to the Duchess of Devonshire, who beyond this took no notice of the work. Copies of it were sent to all the reviewers accompanied by a note stating the cause of its existence.

The *Monthly Review* was then the "arbiter of letters." The criticism it passed on White's poems was severe, but not couched in pointed language. It roused the spirit of Henry, but not to a violent passion. He wrote the reviewer a slightly indignant reply which was answered in the next issue in a more kindly sentiment. White, unlike Byron, Southey, Wordsworth and Keats, soon forgot the injury he received and never satirized his stern critic. After all it was a fortunate happening because through it White became acquainted with Southey, who was ever afterward his staunch friend.

For nearly three years he worked on the *Monthly Mirror*, when his religious views took a decided turn. He became a Christian, and sought entrance into the church; that is, the ministry. To achieve this end with the assistance of his parents and friends he went to Cambridge. Here his passion for study grew beyond compare. "He allowed himself no time for relaxation, and ate and slept in snatches; nay, sometimes did not go to bed at all." It was this "manly ardor," as Southey calls it, that caused his death. The remarkable thing is that his constitution withstood this treatment as long as it did.

At college he carried off all the honors and was known, Byron says, "Not as a poet but as a promising mathematician." College life, at first, had no charm for him, but later he writes: "I now begin to feel at home and relish my silent and thoughtful cup of tea more than ever." It is difficult for us to imagine this ardent spirit happy in the great University. Happiness was not for him; severe study, harassing cares and death were to be his portion for the next year. He applied himself too assiduously to his studies. The pink hue of consumption was already visible in his cheek. In a poem written this year, 1805, he gives expression to the thought that he must soon die.

On my bed in wakeful restlessness,
I turn me wearisome: while around,
All, all, save me, sink in forgetfulness.
I only wake to watch the sickly taper

Which lights me to my tomb. Yes, 'tis the hand
Of Death I feel press heavy on my vitals,
Slow sapping the warm current of existence.
My moments now are few—the sand of life
Ebbs fastly to its finish. Yet a little
And the last fleeting particle will fall,
Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented;
Come, then, sad thought, and let us meditate
While meditate we may.

Toward the close of the year 1806 White spent a month in London with his brother, Dr. Neville White. His health seemed to improve, but this condition was only momentary. Scarcely had he returned to the University when death set its seal on him. Fainting spells succeeded each other with such rapidity that they soon rendered Henry unconscious. His brother hastened from London, as did his mother from Nottingham, but both arrived just as this gentle, careworn soul was freed from the trammels of life in October, 1806.

Immediately on his death, Southey acquired all his manuscripts and papers, which filled an immense box. "Coleridge was present along with Southey when the box was opened, and both were amazed at the proofs it exhibited of industry and versatility." Southey says: "I have inspected all the existing manuscripts of Chatterton and they excited less wonder than all these."

Kirke White was a melancholy, unhappy, ambitious youth. In his own soul he buried all his cares; he hated to grieve others.

When all was new, and life was in its spring,
I lived an unloved solitary thing;
Even then I learned to bury deep from day
The piercing cares that wore my youth away.

All of White's poetry conveys something of sadness, disappointment, and sorrow to the mind of the reader; but especially is this so in the poems entitled, "Time," "Ode to Consumption," "Ode to Despair," and "Ode to Melancholy."

Of all subjects or objects that most fascinated White, the moon stands out foremost in his thoughts and affections. Apart from the two odes and one sonnet addressed to her, his poetry abounds in references to

Yon pensive orb that through the ether sailed.

We might apply to him the name that has been given to his contemporary, Keats, "The Moon-Poet." White is more of an imitator than an original writer. In most of his poems we find close resemblances to the poets

of the preceding century. In the "Christiad, a Divine Poem," we find traces of Milton. A Miltonic grandiloquence was sought after but was not successfully acquired. In his "Songs" White imitated Sir Philip Sydney and after a careful analysis of his other poetic effusions, we find whole sentences of other poets with but few words changed.

When we remember that all, or nearly all, of White's poetry was written between the age of fourteen and eighteen, it is impossible for us to deny him poetic genius, as it has been said of him, he had genius without any of its eccentricities.

His description of morn is beautiful—well worthy of memory.

Lo! on the eastern summit, clad in gray,
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes,
And from his tower of mist,
Night's watchman hurries down.

With regard to his sonnets, one of his critics says: "No other poet of Henry's years has written anything that can compare with them; nay more, that not a few of them will rival anything of their kind in English literature." No poet since the time of Chatterton has displayed, at a similar age, such a gift of song. "The advent of Keats sounded the literary death knell of White. The trumpeter of White's fame had the clarionet already at his lips when hurrying death stopped his ears, so that he did not hear the blast. His genius can not perish, and from time to time there will be breathed upon the air an echo of what he himself calls his 'faint neglected song.'"

The Psychology of Thompson.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

'Twas one night last August and we were seated around a blazing fire that shot sparks from cracking pine high into the air. Our camping spot was an ideal one, even if Thompson, the sophomore, had told us about it and we half foolishly consented to let him guide us there. For once he had told the truth, and for once we believed he might be capable of doing such a thing.

Now it is invariably true that campers will sit around the spitting logs and tell stories. This we were doing when some one called on Thompson for a story.

"Come on," cried everyone except Brown. It might be well to state that Thompson's mother and sisters called him "Will," but class fellows are less considerate, or more familiar, and as a result William was dubbed "Flushie," in recognition of his ability to 'manufacture them.'

"Well, all right," said Thompson, casting a look at Brown.

Why he did this everyone knew, for Bob Brown experienced a delight in spoiling any Thompson story.

"Oh, I'll be good," remarked Brown, "but stay in bounds;" so "Flushie" began:

"You fellows all thought it strange when we carried Jimmie Blaine from chapel one morning dead. But I didn't."

"Of course not," said Bob, but I shut him up.

"Go on, Flushie, old-boy," I said.

"I felt measly bad myself," said William; "poor bird, I liked him, and it hurt me to see him stretched out so stiff and cold. The doctor said it was heart failure, and everyone accepted that; but do you know they were wrong?"

We were getting interested.

"Wrong," said everyone, "how do you know?"

At another time Brown would have said something, but the thought of the boy's death some months before had left its impression on him.

"Yes, sir, wrong," continued Thompson, "and he was a dandy little bird, a true little boy. He was ever reading something, and it generally was some wild, intensely interesting tale of adventure. Well, the day before he died he got hold of a book called 'The Apache Knight,' and say, maybe he wasn't absorbed in it. He came and told me, asked me to read it, and I did read it that very night. It was good and I didn't blame the little fellow. There's a part where the hero is tied to a tree and Indians throw knives at him; they fire continually, some one pins one an inch from his head, another grazes his neck, a crack thrower puts one between his arm and body nearly getting him in the heart. The author's description is fine."

"Well," broke in some one, "what's that to do with Jimmy?"

"Lots," said Flushie. "That morning at Mass when Jimmy should be listening

to the sermon he dozed off and dreamt; dreamt that he was captured by Indians and tied to a stake. The old red boys danced around him yelling as only Indians can. It surely was all up with Jimmie. He never struggled, for there wasn't any use; and when they bound him to the stake he just looked into the old copper face and smiled. Well, after they had him bound they lined up and pelted knives at him,"—here Thompson stopped.

"Go on," cried Murray who sat beside him.

"Well, you remember that young kid, Clyde Jones, who sat next to Jimmy that morning in church and who was everlastingly writing things in the hymn books?"

"Yes," answered Brown, "but that's got nothing to do with your dream."

"Of course it has," asserted Flushie, "'cause that kid killed Jimmie."

"You're crazy, Thompson," said one of the party.

"No, I am not, and you needn't all look so cussed strange about it: he killed him and I can prove it. When he had finished writing something which he thought real funny, and which, by the way, wasn't—such things never are,—why he struck Jimmy with his pencil and asked him to read. That pencil got Jimmy in the heart just the time one of these Indian knives reached him in the same spot. You know Indians don't blindfold their captives, and so Blaine saw the knife coming; he expected it, and when it struck him it killed him. Of course you understand no knife in reality touched him, just young Jones' pencil, but that pencil had the same effect; and so you see the Doctors were wrong."

A silence fell over all of us, then Mitchell, the only senior in the party, said:

"You're taking psychology, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied "Flushie."

"I thought so," then reflecting a moment he added, "well the stuff does some people some good."

"Say, Flushie," and who could mistake, the voice. Everyone turned toward Brown.

"Well," drawled the other.

"How could you tell what Jimmie dreamed?" and everybody laughed. Thompson muttered something about "spoiling everything a fellow does," and crept under the tent.

Song.

Oh, heart of mine, be still, be still,
 Why trouble me the livelong day?
 Thine every beat begets a thrill
 Of wild desire to be away;
 Away, away on hills of green,
 In meadows bright with golden sheen,
 By glancing brook and tuneful rill,
 Oh, heart of mine, be still, be still.

Oh, heart of mine, be still, be still,
 No more the circling curlews call;
 No bay of hound on wind-swept hill,
 Upon my wakeful ear will fall:
 No more I'll see the laughing eyes
 Whose depth of azure match'd the skies.
 I hear the call of whip-poor-will!—
 Oh, heart of mine, be still, be still.

Oh, heart of mine, be still, be still,
 For death's dark shadow's o'er thee cast,
 Soon, soon, the call of angels will
 Summon thee to home at last;
 And all thy joys will then increase;
 And all thy sorrows then will cease;
 But love for Erin never will,—
 Oh, heart of mine, be still, be still.

Oh, heart of mine, be still, be still,
 An alien grave will soon be thine;
 And eyes of loving friends will fill
 When thou art dead, O heart of mine.
 Yet I could die and feel no pain,
 Could I to Erin hie again,
 And there beneath some sheltering hill
 Bid thee, my heart, be still, be still.
 P. J. G.

Poland's Mission.

STANISLAUS J. GORKA, '07.

In the great family composing humanity every nation has its special work to perform. In fact, every being exercises some influence upon his surroundings, and in turn is more or less affected by these environments. Now, the way in which a people by their geographical situation, by their peculiar characteristics, their customs, their temperament, and their culture, influence other nations, and through them the whole world, is what we call the historical mission of that people. The Romans were great lawgivers; they were a creative, political nation. Their work was to give to the world laws that would henceforth form the basis of all our modern governments. Greece, on the other hand, fostered literature and science. All our fine

arts are simply the development of the knowledge reached by the ancient Greeks. So with every nation; there awaits each one some special task which God has assigned to it.

What was Poland's mission? In studying her history we always find her protecting the progress of civilization in Europe. Her great claim to glory is the numerous victories that she won over the barbarous hordes of Germans, Turks, Tartars and Russians, which threatened to eradicate utterly western civilization.

In her very infancy Poland rises to do her work. The German invaders of the ninth and tenth centuries represented a perfect type of an ignorant, brutal, physical force, elbowing its way on all sides, ready to swallow up every weaker element and to assimilate it to itself. With these hordes Poland constantly grappled, and thus kept them from invading western Europe. Consequently, Roman civilization had time to spread and take deep root in Italy, Spain, France and England.

Scarcely had the Germanic inroads been checked by the invincible barrier of the Poles when another destructive force loomed up before the budding Western civilization. Vast throngs of Turks and Tartars swept the East, making their way toward the very heart of Europe. Nothing seemed to be able to stop them in their wild course. The European nations were already on the verge of a total overthrow when Poland, true to her mission, rose up to check these infuriated barbarians. For two long centuries she contended with them, till finally John Sobieski under the walls of Vienna broke their strength forever.

From the beginning of the eighteenth century savage Russia, already strong and extensive, takes the place of Turkey. She, too, in her menacing incursions, is stopped by Poland. The struggle is a violent one. At last, finding Poland more than her match, she forms with her neighbors, Germany and Austria, a vicious alliance to overthrow her adversary.

The criminal trinity succeeds in attaining its object. Poland, weak and exhausted, yields to this blow. She falls. Yet as formerly in her cradle, so now, as it were, on her deathbed, she still serves the cause

of Europe's liberty by keeping the armies of her three oppressors from taking an active part in the French Revolution. History must admit that Kosciuszko's uprising in 1794 saved the first French republic from being crushed by the despotic trinity of Europe.

Even after her fall Poland does not forget her mission: Her insurrection of 1831 withholds the forces of Nicholas I. at the moment when they were about to throw themselves upon France which had just freed itself from the tyranny of the Bourbons.

What is noteworthy here is that throughout all these ages of self-sacrifice for the protection of the West, Poland was not handicapped in her own progress. She has attained a degree of culture far superior to that of her oppressors. In intellectual development she stands on a par with the most civilized nations of the world. "She has produced a literature," says a noted historian, "unsurpassed in modern Europe for originality, exuberant imagination and profound religious sentiment."

Europe never appreciated what she owed to Poland. At least, she seems to have forgotten the services which this nation had rendered her throughout the ages of her weakness and gradual consolidation. "In vain," says Dr. Shahan, "had Poland hurled back nearly a hundred invasions of pagan tribes and Moslem enemies, in vain raised the siege of Vienna, in vain withstood the overflow of Protestantism,—it was all of no avail; she perished, not so much because she was weak and obstinate, divided and wrong-headed, as because she was a Catholic nation." "Her destiny," says Count Montalembert, "was ever to be the glorious victim of Christendom." She perished because she dared to be true to her mission.

Triolet.

The sun shines bright
While robins sing
Behold the light
The sun shines bright
Winter's in flight
Let glad bells ring
While Sol shines bright
And robins sing.

E. L. R.

The Revenge of Williams.

HARRY N. ROBERTS, '06.

It was the evening of Dec. 7, 1892. The scene in the "Crow's Nest" was an unusually animated one. The green cloth-covered tables were all in use, and each one had its share of onlookers. The game was the distinctly American game of draw poker. By far the greater part of the excitement surrounded a smaller table in one of the back corners of the long room. There were only two players here, while the other tables claimed at least four or five participants. One glance at this particular table was all that was needed to see why the interest centred there. On one side of the board sat a stylishly dressed man of middle age, whose copious piles of reds and blues bespoke him the winner. Directly across from him sat a coatless lad of, perhaps, eighteen, his sleeves rolled to the elbows, exposing a well developed pair of forearms. His face wore a haggard, despairing look, while his hands shook so that he could scarcely hold his cards. Pouring out a small glass of Bourbon he tossed it off, contemptuously threw under the table the "chaser," discarded two from his hand, and called for two more cards. His quick eye seemed to note something out of the ordinary in the way in which his adversary dealt himself the required four.

He half arose from his seat, but instantly, as if thinking over the matter more maturely, sat down again. Having ten blues yet left he deposited them in the pot, demanding a "show-down."

"Full," said he, "kings up on jacks."

"No good, Williams," placidly responded the other, "four treys."

Williams' eyes flashed maliciously. He leaned close to the other's ear and whispered:

"Very queer, Gleason; I cut you a trey just now, saw its reflection in your glass there, incidentally I might tell you that you've been bending that deck on me mighty poor to-night—poor for you."

No one of the spectators had heard this last, but they suspected something was up. Gleason's face was a picture of most ungovernable rage, but this disappeared

instantly under the force of his wonderful will-power, for he said in a calm and steady voice:

"I'll see you outside in a moment, Williams." He then cashed his chips and passed out.

The sun was just sinking in a lurid western sky when the forms of three horsemen slowly making their way across the hot plains became visible. Night was refreshing after the stifling heat of the great American desert during that day's journey.

"Well, Gleason," spoke one of the horsemen, "I guess we're in for it for sure this time. We didn't stop to think of this phase of the game when we sat up in our cool New York offices planning this trip. This business of riding across the continent is not so pleasing after all, is it?"

"O I don't know," replied the one called Gleason; "there'll not be much more of it. When we left Salida night before last it would have been wiser to have hugged the railroad a little closer. Here we are now with no food, water or life within one hundred miles of us."

The conversation drifted to other topics—anything and everything. Presently one of the trio, by name, Walker, said to Gleason:

"I hear that a friend of yours, Williams, has been wonderfully successful during the past three years, and has collected a nice little pile of money. I understand he was once without a cent to his name."

Gleason winced at the mention of the name, but his voice was calm as he replied:

"Well, I just couldn't say, but I have heard it that way."

Then the third man spoke up:

"Don't you know where he's located?"

"He moved West somewhere," said Walker.

"He's right here in Salida," resumed the third. "At least I think so. The boy who tended our horses in Salida said to me during the course of our conversation, 'Mr. Williams, he did this,' and 'so they say at Williams' watch works.' So I guess he's somebody all right. Those are his initials, aren't they,—W. W.?"

"Yes, they're all right," said Gleason. Somehow the name seemed to worry Gleason. It reminded him of past days, when in the long room in the "Crow's Nest" he faced the

battery of a pair of eyes which prophesied no good for him. He knew he had ruined Williams. He still seemed to feel those foreboding eyes burning into his inner being.

Such were the thoughts that were passing through his mind when suddenly, and without any warning, his horse gave a great leap, unseated him, rolled over, and before he was well aware of what had happened the horse was dead. Nothing was left for Gleason to do now but walk, and perhaps take a turn at riding the other horses, so he secured the saddle from his dead horse and started out. It was about an hour afterwards, as the moon appeared upon the eastern horizon, when the same series of events happened to the horse upon which Walker rode, followed in a short time by the third mount. Aside from the most mysterious deaths of the three horses, what seemed so strange to Walker was that the deaths of the beasts occurred almost exactly at intervals of one hour.

It happened that when Gleason's mount fell, Walker had just replied to Gleason's question as to the time, and when his own horse fell it somehow stopped his watch. The time elapsing between the two events was just one hour. He immediately started his watch, and had just taken it out to see if it was still going when the third horse fell. This time it was just an hour later. The three walked along in sullen silence, as they were too surprised and angry for much talk. Gleason declared that the horse-boy at Salida was in this, and he'd like to break his neck for him. The following day Walker, who was the only one that still had his saddle, began to complain of a scratch he had received from the underside of his saddle, and although the scratch did not draw blood his thumb was so swollen and festered as to cause him much pain.

This was not looked upon, strange as it was, with as much concern as the water question, for this necessary article was appallingly low: two ounces a day was all each man allowed himself. The next day as they rested from their night's march, Walker was examining his saddle.

"Here, Gleason," said he, "I never noticed this business before." And he showed Gleason the tip of a needle sticking through the underside of his saddle.

"Well, what of that," replied Gleason; "a pin or something, of course."

But it was not any such thing. A hard disk was felt back of it. Finally, Walker cut the saddle. Inside he found a queer-looking object, very much resembling a quarter piece with a pin sticking through. It was about twice as thick as a quarter, and the needle had a hole in the side near the head, only the hole did not go clear through like other needles.

The needle was about one-fourth of an inch long, and when inside his saddle, as he found it so cleverly concealed, it was completely hidden. In fact, this little apparatus was, as further investigation showed, a perfect little timekeeper, only running very much slower than an ordinary watch. When properly set and adjusted it would release a spring, and the needle with lightning swiftness and some force would shoot out, the head preventing it from going clear through. The hole in the side of the needle was about one-half the thickness of the disk from the top. They reasoned, and afterward proved, that when the needle was shot, the hole in the side entered a small reservoir of some kind of poison inside the disk, probably under a little pressure, and thus causing the liquid to spurt out the end of the hollow needle. They all agreed in calling this a very perfect and devilish piece of miniature machinery. They unscrewed the case, and on the inside of the cover they found the inscription:

W W
W

CROW'S NEST

12-7, '92.

How well Gleason remembered that night in the "Crow's Nest!" It is needless to go into detail about the torture and suffering they endured. Wholly by chance they were picked up in delirium and with no food or water and brought back to the States. Gleason never could find out how Williams got the machines in their saddles, or how he knew they were going on that trip in time to have the machines in readiness. Gleason has always kept the trinket as a souvenir which all but caused him the most horrible of deaths.

Take Courage.

(Horace, Odes II., 9.)

NOT always do the sullen clouds above
Upon the bristly fields in torrents pour;
Not always is the Caspia's bosom rent
By changing storms; nor is Armenia's shore

Throughout the year weighed down with lifeless ice.
Some respite short Gargania's oak receives,
Friend Valgius, from northern blasts. And is
The ash tree ever widowed of his leaves?

Yet ever wailest thou in dirges drear
For Mystes torn away by death: The star
At even rising sees thy grief and still
When from the rapid sun it flees afar.

Did Nestor blessed with tripled years of life
Through all his days Antilochus deplore?
Did Trojan sisters weep? Did Priam mourn
For youthful Troilus slain, for evermore?

Then cease anon thy womanlike complaints,
And rather let our songs more joyful ring
With praise of Cæsar's conquests added new
And first Armenia's frozen range we'll sing.

We'll tell of Parthia's river how she rolls
Her humbler waves through lands in Roman chains
And how within the narrow bounds decreed
Sarmatia's horsemen roam across their plains.

W. J. D.

A Tale.

ROBERT A. KASPER, '07.

The Burkes boasted of being the oldest residents of the little town of Pana in Southern Illinois, just south of Springfield. Old Mr. Burke had held the office of mayor for some ten years, and what he said was generally considered to be about the right thing. At one time, however, his prestige was almost lost, when he invested in a get-rich-quick concern, and advised many others to "follow suit," but then this blew over, and those who were caught forgot about it; for, as some one said: "A man can not be right all the time; and anyway Burke lost more money than anyone else."

Mr. Burke had a son who completed a course in law at Harvard University, and was well known in football circles as "Stonewall" Burke, since only three feet had been made through him during his career at guard. John had captained the team in his last year at school, and was one

of the most popular men ever at Cambridge.

He was a fine-looking fellow, with dark hair, a pair of piercing black eyes and an olive complexion. He stood five feet eleven, and weighed about two hundred pounds. The boys in the village pointed him out as the mighty Harvard guard; and a girl who was fortunate enough to have his company was envied by all the fair sex. He was at this time courting a Miss Bates, and rumors of an intended marriage were circulating freely; but then a rumor spreads very rapidly when women get hold of it, especially in a small place. However, when the engagement was announced a while later the "I-told-you-sos" were much in evidence among the—well, it does not matter.

The wedding was set for July 18 and great preparations were made. It was to be the largest social event ever pulled off in Pana, and those who received invitations considered themselves as belonging to the "smart set."

John's friends arranged a theatre party in his honor the Tuesday preceding the wedding, and a jolly crowd it was that assembled in the lower box on the left-hand side. Everything went well until the beginning of the second act, when a young man and lady were ushered into the box on the other side. John sprang from his seat pale and excited and pointing to the pair cried:

"Look!"

All eyes were at once turned toward the couple, and everyone grasped the situation in an instant. 'Twas John's fiancée.

John would have gone to the box immediately and demanded an explanation, but his friends persuaded him to wait and thus avoid a scene; so he waited, and how the play lagged. The minutes seemed hours to him now; and how he longed to have his hands on the other man. Frank Larkins had always been one of his best friends; and to think this same Frank had come between him and happiness. What would all the people say when they heard of it; and he the son of Mayor Burke, the oldest resident and most trusted citizen of the town? At length the time for action came. The curtain went down for the last time, and the orchestra began playing its final piece.

John stood in the lobby until most of the

crowd had left; but his fiancée and her partner did not appear. Thinking he had missed them he walked into the street just in time to see them going in the direction of Pine Grove. He followed at a good pace, but just as he was about to overtake the pair they turned into the "Brunswick café." He would have gone in also; but his better judgment told him to remain outside.

It began to rain now, first lightly, then in torrents. John sought shelter in a doorway of an adjoining building; but as the rain increased he decided to go home, as such a girl was not worth waiting for. He arrived at his house some moments later, wet to the skin and sick at heart. He went to bed but could not sleep.

"It will break mother's heart," he thought, "and what will father say; what will they all say?"

He did not go downstairs the next morning until after nine o'clock. His father had already gone down town.

"I will tell mother," he said, "for why prolong the agony?"

"Mother I have something to tell you," he began—

The telephone bell rang and John took up the receiver.

"Hello!"

"Hello! Is that you, John?"

"Y-e-s."

"Say, John."

"Well."

"My twin sister who has been in Europe for the past four years has come home for our wedding. Frank Larkins pointed you out to her last night at the show and she is very anxious to meet you. Come up to day. Will you?"

John was not conscious of having made any answer, but he must have done so, and it must have been satisfactory.

"What is it you have to tell me, John?" asked his mother as he hung up the receiver.

"Simply that I'm the happiest man in the whole world," was all he answered.

THE Reformation, with the local and temporary movements which were its harbingers, was a great political and ecclesiastical convulsion, the motive power of which was in the passions.—*Rev. A. F. Hewit, C. S. P.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—The songs of a university form part of college life, and a part that memory delights in recalling. There is a something about them that fills a nameless vacancy, shatters melancholy and forces the student to realize that there are other powers than lonely self. If other institutions feel the need of such, why not Notre Dame?

With a view towards publishing a book of our own songs in the interest of athletics, we ask the alumni and students to contribute Notre Dame poems that may be set to the music of old-time airs or music of their own composition. A decision by three judges, from Faculty, alumni and student body will determine the poems to be selected for the book.

Address: Faculty Board of Control,
Box 57, Notre Dame.

—Simultaneous with the persistent attacks of unfriendly newspapers on Mayor Dunne's policy, comes the news that the municipality of Glasgow has loaned Mr. James Dalrymple to the city of Chicago to assist the mayor in solving the traction problem. In his home city, Mr. Dalrymple has been connected with the municipal tramways ever since their adoption and is now general manager of the system. Again we read in the April *Arena* that the net revenue from these

lines has increased each year from \$47,300 in 1894 to \$626,000 in 1900, and within five years from the time it began operating the tramways the city has reduced its debt more than a million dollars by applying the sinking fund. These facts in themselves are highly significant, and every city in America may well profit by giving close attention to the development and solution of the municipal ownership problem in Chicago.

—Death in any form or at any time is a sad contingency, but especially is it deplorable when it cuts off in the splendor of early manhood such a personality as that of James L. Doar. To say that the news of 'Jim's' death shocked many of the faculty and many of the students would be stating the real facts of the case most mildly, for his every deed while at Notre Dame was of such a character, so noble, so open and so honorable, that he made friends where he had possessed none before, and endeared himself the more to all those who knew him.

He was born in Hammond, Wisconsin, twenty-three years ago; but he had lived most of his life and received his early schooling at the town of Cumberland of the same state. In 1901 he came to Notre Dame to take electrical engineering, and while here at school played on the Varsity football and baseball teams. On leaving Notre Dame in 1903 he immediately took up his profession and steadily progressed in it. It was in the performance of his duties as toll inspector for the Northwestern Telephone Company that he was seized with a violent attack of appendicitis, which, despite the best efforts of the physicians, finally carried him away April 14.

"Jim" Doar's chief attributes were reticence and unassuming simplicity, and paradoxical as it may seem, it was those very attributes that made him prominent. He died as he had lived with an unsoiled name and unsullied honor. Up to the very moment when his God kissed him and he fell asleep he was ever the brotherly Christian, the manly and devout Catholic. All who knew him can thank God for his having lived, can bless his memory, and breathe the prayer that was on the lips of every student who attended the memorial Mass last Thursday: *Requiescat in pace.*

The Mendelssohn Concert.

Last Wednesday we were most agreeably entertained by the well-known Mendelssohn Quartette Company. None of the students who heard their recital two years ago have forgotten the delight they then received, or regretted the pleasure of again hearing them. Indeed, no auditor can tire of their performance, which, however varied and enjoyable it is, never appears to satiate. That the Company's exhibition was fully relished is evident from the fact that they had to supplement their program of nine numbers with no less than fourteen encores. The singers were not the same four whom we met on the last occasion, but the slight alteration in their roll detracted not an iota from the merits of their production. Those who had applauded Mr. Smith for his rendition of "The Arab's Ride" were grieved to think that at the present occasion he could not favor them with his specified solo; the void, however, was amply supplied by Mr. Hughes' clear and sweet singing of a song entitled "Good-Bye." The latter's efforts were so well appreciated that he had to content his plaudits with an amorous, catchy dialogue, "She's so Queer," a hit which secured him still more in the students' favor.

Mr. Alkire, the director and basso, was the first to entertain us with a solo. After scoring a success with his "Indifferent Mariner" he gratified his audience with a pathetic piece well adapted to his deep, resonant voice. The few high notes he had to reach required a slight effort; but, more than all others, he seemed to direct himself by the capacity of the auditorium. Perhaps Mr. Alkire distinguished himself most in "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," which song sounded entirely new in its special arrangement for the Mendelssohn Quartette. In this popular air we were given an excellent imitation of the twanging guitar; and in another negro catch, "The Coon Stole a Ham," we had a vivid representation of one of the most typical sketches in Southern life. A more familiar portrayal, though not so commonly sung, was the humorous and dramatic boarding-house ballad. Fascinating was the undertone coloring employed

in the "Persian Serenade," and the pickaninny lullaby. Probably the quartette made their greatest hit in their clever medley of the latest and most popular airs. The applause Mr. Yarnley received for his difficult execution on the 'cello bespoke the universal appreciation he met.

Laudable as was the work of the Mendelssohn Quartette that of Miss Marguerite Smith was no less praiseworthy. It is questionable whether this talented woman has her equal in this country in child impersonation. She vindicated her fame by her masterly rendition of some choice selections from James Whitcomb Riley, who, it is said, paid her an enviable compliment for the manner of her interpretation. Her first recital was the little girl's story of the fabulous "Riding Hood." This narration she followed with the boy's reveries on his mamma's cookies. For second encore she delivered, with piano accompaniment, the descriptive piece, "Don't you think you'd like to be a soldier?" In her concluding number she capped the climax by recounting Bobbie's experience with a mustard plaster. To quell the storm of applause which this piece had provoked she sang a charming cradle-song. All her responses, as well as those of the troop, were well chosen and freely given. The performance on the whole was a highly commendable one, and, we may add, one of the pleasantest concerts we attended during the present scholastic year.

H. M. K.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME DEFEATS KALAMAZOO.

Notre Dame won the first college game of the season, defeating Kalamazoo last Saturday by the score of 9 to 13.

For the first game of the year we played fair ball, though we showed our "green" work at times when it was costly. The seventh inning was a bad one for us, and Kalamazoo bunched their hits in that inning and tied the score. Up to the seventh we had them shut out; but Barney, the first man up in the seventh, reached first on an error to centre field. Kumerle, the next, went to first on another error, putting Barney on second. T. Kumerle then made a bingle

and the bases were full. Fellows struck out; Burroughs reached first on a bad throw by Shea, and Philips rapped out a three-bagger clearing the bases, and our chances dropped. But we came back strong in the eighth. Welch got to first on an error, stole second, and McNerny drew a base on balls. Stopper fled out to centre field; O'Neill drew a base on balls, and Waldorf came up with a long drive and cleared the bases. We therefore just turned the tables on them, and gave five runs to take five. The game was by no means up to what the team can do, and we will expect to see a better game the coming Saturday against Ohio State. The score should have been about thirteen to nothing in our favor; but errors at just the bad time and their getting on O'Gorman just at the right time gave them three runs.

O'Gorman allowed seven hits, but pitched a good game, and only in the seventh inning did they touch them, the rest being well scattered. He struck out fifteen men and had all kinds of steam and control.

Philips was the star sticker for Kalamazoo, getting away with two good three-baggers, both of them being long drives just over the infield and between the outfielders.

We surely have men who can run bases, as we stole nine bases in the game; and in fact, the game as a whole goes to show we have the team and will soon be playing first-class ball. Score:

Kalamazoo	R	H	P	A	E
Fellows, ss.	1	1	0	3	0
Burroughs, p.	2	0	0	3	0
Philips, 2 b.	1	2	3	1	0
Wares, 3 b.	1	1	2	1	1
Post, c.	0	0	6	3	0
Vannetes, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Barney l. f.	1	0	2	1	1
H. Kumerle, 1 b.	1	1	9	0	1
T. Kumerle, r. f.	2	2	0	0	1
Totals	9	7	24	12	4
Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Welch, c. f.	2	0	1	0	1
McNerny, 2 b.	4	0	2	4	0
Stopper, 1 b.	1	4	6	0	0
O'Neill, 3 b.	2	0	0	1	0
Waldorf, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Shea, ss.	0	0	2	2	1
Monahan, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0
O'Gorman, p.	2	1	0	0	1
Cook, c.	1	1	14	1	1
Totals	13	8	27	8	4

Three base hits—Philips, 2. Passed balls—Cook, 3. Wild pitch—Burroughs, 3. Bases on balls—Off O'Gorman, 6; off Burroughs, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Kumerle, McNerny, O'Gorman, Cook. Struck out—By Burroughs, 4; by O'Gorman, 15. Umpire, Coffey.

South Bend won the third game of the series on Friday by the score of 4 to 3. Waldorf pitched for the Varsity, and although touched for eight hits fielded the position well, and made the first home run of the season.

South Bend	R	H	P	A	E
Anderson, c. f.	0	0	3	0	0
Bachbaum, l. f.	0	2	0	0	0
Letcher, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Groeschow, 2 b.	0	1	1	4	1
Sumertol, 1 b.	2	0	7	0	0
Sager, 3 b.	2	2	1	1	0
Mulligan, ss.	0	1	0	1	0
Searles, c.	0	2	8	0	0
Moffit, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Ferris, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Christian, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	4	8	21	8	1
Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
O'Neill, 3 b.	0	0	3	1	1
Welch, c. f.	0	0	0	1	0
McNerny, 2 b.	0	0	2	4	0
Stopper, 1 b.	1	1	8	2	0
Shea, ss.	0	0	1	3	0
Monahan, l. f.	1	1	0	0	0
McCarthy, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Sheehan, c.	0	0	5	0	0
Waldorf, p.	1	1	2	0	0
Totals	3	3	21	11	1

Base on balls—Off Waldorf, 1; Moffit, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Waldorf, Sumertol. Two base hits—Searles. Home run—Waldorf. Passed balls—Sheehan, Searles. Struck out—By Waldorf, 4; by Christian, Moffit, 2. Umpire, Williams.

* *

The Varsity turned the tables on South Bend Saturday. After losing the day before, they won Saturday by the score of 3 to 4.

Tobin pitched, and besides fielding his position well held them to five hits and gives promise of developing into a first-class pitcher.

Welch is still "starring" and made his accustomed "bingle," and not satisfied with that brought in the winning run.

The weather was better suited for football than baseball, but the men are "coming" well and we have all indications of a good team.

South Bend	R	H	P	A	E
Anderson, l. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Bachbaum, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
McKee, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Connors, 1 b.	1	1	9	2	1
Sager, 3 b.	0	1	1	3	1
Mulligan, ss.	0	0	1	3	3
Groeschow, 2 b.	0	0	2	1	1
Searles, c.	0	0	3	1	0
Hutzel, p.	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	3	5	20	11	6

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
O'Neill, 3 b.	1	0	0	2	0
Welch, c. f.	1	1	0	0	1
McNerny, 2 b.	0	1	1	3	0
Stopper, 1 b.	0	0	11	0	0
Shea, ss.	0	0	1	2	0
Monahan, l. f.	0	0	3	0	0
Perce, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Sheehan, c.	1	0	5	0	0
Tobin, p.	0	0	0	3	1

Totals 4 2 21 10 2

Base on balls—Off Tobin, 2; off Hutzel, 4. Struck out—By Tobin, 5; by Hutzel, 3. Passed balls—Searles, 2. Wild pitch—Tobin, 1; Hutzel, 2. Hit by pitched ball—By Hutzel, 2. Umpire, Williams.

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On April 17 Notre Dame lost by the score of 3 to 8. The "fans" nearly froze to death watching the Greens trim the Varsity.

O'Gorman pitched during the first three innings and was bumped for six hits. South Bend appeared to have the batting eye and started out to kill every ball handed them.

McNerny made three good clean hits and played first-class ball. Welch got away with another "bingle" and is leading in the stick work.

South Bend	R	H	P	A	E
Foy, l. f.	2	2	1	0	1
Anderson, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0
Letcher, r. f.	1	2	0	0	0
Connors, 1 b.	0	1	6	1	0
Sager, 3 b.	0	1	4	2	1
Harris, ss.	0	0	2	2	1
Tieman, c.	1	0	3	2	1
Grant, 2 b.	1	1	4	2	1
Williams, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Shafer, p.	0	0	1	0	0
Moffit, p.	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 8 7 21 10 5

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Welch, c. f.	0	1	3	0	0
McNerny, 2 b.	1	3	4	1	2
O'Neill, 3 b.	1	1	1	1	0
Stopper, 1 b.	0	1	6	2	1
Shea, ss.	0	0	0	1	4
McCarthy, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Monahan, l. f.	0	1	1	0	1
Sheehan, c.	1	0	3	3	1
O'Gorman, p.	0	0	2	1	0
Waldorf, p.	0	0	0	1	0

Totals 3 7 21 10 9

Base on balls—Off O'Gorman, 2; off Waldorf, 3; off Shafer, 1. Double play—Welch to McNerny. Struck out—By O'Gorman, 1; by Waldorf, 1; by Williams, 1. Wild pitch—Williams, O'Gorman, 2. Passed balls—Tieman, Sheehan, 4. Umpire, McKee.

South Bend won again on Tuesday in another seven-inning game by the score of 13 to 5.

Williams pitched the first three innings for the Varsity and was touched for eight hits. Burns went in and pitched the next two and allowed the Greens two hits. Tobin pitched the last two and held them to three.

The field was rough, and both sides made several errors. The weather was better and gave promise of a chance of attending the rest of the series with some enjoyment.

O'Neill made two hits and Welch got away with one. Score:

South Bend.	R	H	P	A	E
Foy, l. f.	3	2	2	0	0
Anderson, c. f.	1	2	0	0	0
Letcher, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Connors, 1 b.	1	2	8	0	1
Sager, 3 b.	1	1	1	1	0
Groeschow, ss.	3	2	0	2	1
Searles, c.	1	2	7	1	0
Grant, 2 b.	1	0	3	4	1
Williams, p.	1	1	0	3	0
Ferris, p.	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 13 13 21 11 3

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Welch, c. f.	1	1	1	0	0
McNerny, 2 b.	1	0	2	1	1
Stopper, 1 b.	0	0	7	0	1
O'Neill, 3 b.	0	2	0	1	1
Perce, l. f.	0	0	3	1	1
Shea, ss.	0	0	3	1	0
Monahan, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0
McCarthy, c.	1	0	5	0	2
Burns, p.	1	1	0	4	1
Tobin, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Williams, p.	0	0	0	1	0

Totals 5 5 21 11 7

Base on balls—Off Williams, 3; Burns, 2; Ferris, 1. Three-base hits—Groeschow, 3. Struck out—By Burns, 2; by Tobin, 2; by Williams, 1; by Ferris, 2. Passed balls—McCarthy, 3. Wild pitch—Tobin, 1; Burns, 1. Umpire, O'Connor.

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The game scheduled for Thursday, April 20, was called off on account of rain.

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* *

We lost in South Bend the first game played off our own diamond by the score of 9 to 4.

We made our runs in the fourth inning after two were out. Perce leaned on one for three bags, and made the longest hit of the day. Waldorf pitched the first five innings and was touched for seven hits. O'Gorman then went in and held them to

two hits. Perce sprained his ankle running to first in the fourth inning and Waldorf took the place in left field. The injury will probably lay him up for a couple of weeks.

South Bend	R	H	P	A	E
Foy, l. f.	2	1	2	0	0
Anderson, l. f.	2	1	0	0	0
Letcher, r. f.	2	3	0	0	0
Connors, 1 b.	1	2	14	0	1
Sager, 3 b.	1	2	1	2	0
Searles, c.	0	0	9	1	0
Groeschow, 2 b.	1	1	0	2	2
Mulligan, ss.	0	0	1	2	4
Christian, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Ferris, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Moffit, p.	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 9 10 27 11 7

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Welch, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
McNerny, 2 b.	1	0	0	4	0
Stopper, 1 b.	0	0	11	0	0
O'Neill, 3 b.	0	0	1	0	1
Perce, l. f.	1	1	2	0	0
Shea, ss.	1	0	3	1	2
Monahan, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Sheehan, c.	0	2	6	0	0
Waldorf, p.	0	0	0	3	2
O'Gorman, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Waldorf, l. f.	0	0	1	1	0

Totals 4 3 24 10 5

Base on balls—Off O'Gorman, 3. Two base hits—Letcher, Connors. Three base hit—Perce. Struck out—By Waldorf, 2; by O'Gorman, 2; by Christian, 3; by Ferris, 1; by Moffit, 4. Passed balls—Sheehan, 1. Wild pitch—Waldorf, Ferris. Umpire, O'Connor.

*
* *

We lost the last practice game played here Monday. South Bend won, 4 to 3. It was the fastest and cleanest game played here this season, and both teams up to the last inning strove to win.

Burns pitched a good game for the Varsity and allowed but six hits. Moffit and Williams had us at their mercy most of the time, and allowed but six hits, and kept them well scattered. Score:

South Bend	R	H	P	A	E
Foy, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Anderson, c. f.	2	2	4	1	0
Letcher, r. f.	1	0	1	0	0
Tieman, 1 b.	0	1	0	0	1
Sager, 3 b.	0	0	3	1	0
Groeschow, ss.	0	0	0	3	0
Grant, 2 b.	1	1	3	1	0
Searles, c.	0	0	7	1	1
Moffit, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Williams, p.	0	1	0	2	0

Totals 4 6 27 10 2

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Welch, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
McNerny, 2 b.	0	2	0	6	2
Stopper, 1 b.	0	0	15	0	1
O'Neill, 3 b.	1	1	2	4	0
Waldorf, l. f.	1	1	2	0	0
Shea, ss.	1	0	1	1	0
Monahan, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Burns, p.	0	1	1	3	0
Cook, c.	0	0	3	1	0

Totals 3 6 27 15 3

Three base hit—Anderson. Two base hits—Williams, Monahan. Hit by pitcher—Letcher, Stopper. Struck out—By Burns, 3; By Moffit, 5; Williams, 1. Wild pitch—Burns, 2. Passed ball, Cook. Umpire—O'Connor.

The Senior Ball.

On Easter Monday night was held the greatest social event of the scholastic year,—the senior ball. The outlook for a social function of this kind was for a long time very doubtful owing to the smallness of the senior class. But what they lacked in numbers they made up in pluck and perseverance, the result of which was the brilliant affair of last Monday. About 8:15 the carriages began to roll in, and by 8:45 the driveway in front of the big 'gym' was one mass of carriages. The guests after checking their wraps at the entrance proceeded to the second floor.

Here a gala sight met their eyes. Great variegated masses of bunting, flags and streamers, all carefully and artistically arranged, converted the gymnasium into a magnificent ballroom. The streamers swept from one end of the hall to the other in graceful festoons, the flags were caught up in graceful designs and the bunting was artistically draped in every conceivable way. At one end of the hall was the University monogram, and on the other the figure '05' lit up with electric lights composed of the class colors, blue and white. From behind potted palms on the gallery Prof. Petersen's orchestra played at its best, while over seventy couples glided merrily over the floor.

It was not long before the thirsty dancers discovered the punch bowl, ensconced in an artistically decorated booth. More substantial refreshments were served later at the intermission. After a short time the

dancing went merrily on until the much-dreaded wink came from the engine room. The strains of that last and best of waltzes, "Home, Sweet Home," died away. Then came the reluctant 'Good nights,' and the tired but happy dancers left the scene of one of the most successful functions ever held at Notre Dame. The senior ball is a thing of the past. Past, it is true, but not to be forgotten. Every senior will cherish his program as a souvenir of one of the happiest moments spent at Notre Dame.

Many distinguished guests were present. Our Prefect of Discipline, Father Regan, was with us for a time; also Fathers Corbett, Maguire, Marr and Sammon. Among others were Professor John Ewing, Hon. George Clark, Mr. E. Vanderhoof and Dr. J. Stoeckley. The chaperons were: Mrs. P. O'Brien, Mrs. P. Sullivan, Mrs. J. Stoeckley, Mrs. E. Vanderhoof, Mrs. G. Clark, and Mrs. T. Howard.

The students of the senior class wish to thank the faculty for their kind assistance and all who in any way contributed to the success of the ball.

W. D. J.

Personals.

—"Tom" Holland came down from Chicago to be present at the dance.

—Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Kasper of Chicago spent Easter Sunday with their sons at the University.

—Messrs. Anton Stephan, Arthur Steiner of Logansport and Robert Proctor of Elkhart were the members of last year's class who attended the dance last Monday.

—Mr. Clarence J. Kennedy of Sorin Hall entertained a few Chicago friends during the Easter holidays. The party, consisting of the Misses Margaret and Florence Barrett and Mr. G. F. O'Connell, was chaperoned by Mr. Kennedy's mother, Mrs. J. R. Kennedy.

—On last Thursday the students' Mass was offered up for the repose of the soul of Mr. James McVean (student '95-'97) of Youngstown, Ohio, who died April 17 of pneumonia. The sad news of his death came as a shock to his many friends at the University, and they extend to his bereaved family their deepest sympathy.

—Among the young ladies who came from a distance to attend the senior dance were Miss Pauline Jones, Wabash, Ind.; Miss Helen Lantry, Evanston, Ill.; Miss Jessie Guthrie, Chicago; Miss Louise Graham, Monmouth, Ill.; Miss Catharine Brown, Chicago; Miss Winifred McNerny, Elgin, Ill.; Miss Lillis Lawrence, Polo, Ill.; Miss Maude Roberts, Chicago; Miss Genevieve O'Brien, Evanston, Illinois; Miss Mildred Ecker, Logansport, Ind.; Miss Marion Milne, Chicago.

—Visitors' Registry:—D. S. Sattler and E. W. Washburn, Chicago; Miss Dorothy Herring, Kremlin, Okla.; F. J. Gibbons, Denver, Colo.; E. S. Headrick, Canton, Ill.; Miss Eileen Sullivan, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Marion S. Bryant, Chicago, Ill.; H. J. McKeon, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Lamb, Buchanan, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Martin, Chicago; Mr. J. Heitenstein, Chicago; John Frechitte, Jr., Bart River, Mich.; Mrs. John Gerrard and Miss Katherine Anglin, Logansport, Ind.; Mrs. H. Harthill, Oelwein, Iowa; Charles Broad, Chicago; Mrs. I. M. Adams, Indianapolis, Ind.; W. W. Parrish, Jr., Momence, Ill.; Miss Margaret A. Tracy and Miss Helen M. Tracy, Coldwater, Mich.; Miss Adelaide and Maurice Pulver, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Miller, Stillwell, Ind.; Miss Ollie Parrish, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Parrish, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Edwards, and Miss Bessie Haffertert, Mishawaka, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. W. Sawyer, Elkhart, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Moran, and Mrs. Louisa Boles, Osceola, Ind.; Miss L. E. Brent, Chicago; Miss Christine Ross-path, Miss Helen Stark, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Florence Nichols, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Blanche E. Moon and Mrs. C. E. Hoople, Lakesville, Ind.; Miss Margaret Dalton, Mr. Hithlos Gorman, Huntington, Ind.; Mrs. James Hunt, Drumont, Ohio; Misses H. S. and Anna McNamara, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. D. J. Keefe, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. E. P. Smith and Mrs. M. J. McClung, Muncie, Ind.; Miss Lillian Brownell, Chicago; Mr. J. M. Green, Wapella, Illinois.

Card of Sympathy.

Since it was the will of God in His infinite wisdom and goodness to take from earth the father of our hall-mate, Charles Johnson, be it

Resolved that, on behalf of his friends and the members of St. Joseph's Hall, we extend

to him our heartfelt sympathy in his sad hour of affliction.

V. A. Parrish
Edward P. Cleary
John Dempsey
G. Roy White
Joseph J. Maroney—*Committee.*

* *

On behalf of the engineering class of 1908, the undersigned desire to express and hereby extend to our classmate, Charles H. Johnson, our heartfelt sympathy in the sad grief which the death of his father has caused him.

Enrique O. Canedo
John F. Berteling
Rufus J. Waldorf
Leonard F. Smith—*Committee.*

Local Items.

—FOUND.—A valuable gold watch. Owner, please inquire of H. McAleanan, Carroll Hall.

—Want a shower bath at Sorin? Get under a window. That's the only way!

—During the past week a team has been regularly engaged in hauling cinders, which are being dumped on the path around St. Joseph's Lake; and when these are tramped down the walking will be much improved.

—The large flower-pots, which stood in front of Sorin Hall until their removal was made necessary by the recent erection of the porch, have been set along the main walk, and will, as soon as practicable, be filled with blooming plants.

—The chill atmosphere of these April evenings has forced the enthusiasts to desert the mush-bag diamond, and at present the directors of the association are busily engaged in trying to wish the warm spring days a week or two nearer.

—The boomerangs have ceased to fly, but the promoter of the industry claims to have another stunt on hand which he claims he will spring in a few days. In the meanwhile many interested students are waiting for Charlie to break his sphinx-like silence and unload the article.

—The Minims' second team was an easy proposition for the Lilliputians of Carroll Hall, last Sunday. "Willy Reilly and his Curling Ball" were too much for the Minims. Goekler, their pitcher, played splendid ball, and Smith, Swartz and Wessel of the Lillies" deserve special mention. The latter are a scrappy organization, and with a little more practice will be hard to beat.

—St. Joseph's Athletic Association held a meeting last Saturday evening for the purpose of electing a Captain for their base-

ball team. The choice of the Association fell to Mr. P. M. Malloy. The new captain has a large number of candidates in the field, and with the exception of a pitcher the entire infield is back, and a number of good men trying for outfield positions. The veteran "Dad" Sullivan is a promising candidate for slab artist. St. Joe expects to give the other Hall teams a hard fight for championship honors this season.

—A touching incident took place last Sunday in connection with the visit of Mr. J. J. Abercrombie. Captain Abercrombie, who is still youthful in action and appearance, was on his way to Corby Hall. On the porch of that building was seated Brother Leander engaged in an animated conversation with some friends when of a sudden there came to his ears a whistled reveille. The old familiar call brought him to his feet in an instant and in joyful surprise he turned to receive the G. A. R. salute and "grip" from his worthy comrade, the captain.

—Several men are busy preparing an athletic field north of Holy Cross Hall for the use of the students of that department. The field is large; and after the leveling and grading have been finished the members of the Hall will have one of the best playgrounds at the University. At present their campus is small and ill-fitted for games. The improved field will undoubtedly be greatly appreciated by them. They have already begun baseball practice; and by the time the new grounds are in shape, they expect to have a team that can cope with any of the other Halls.

—The mysterious prowler who has been seen around the baseball lot of the Big Four League is still at large. Although, as stated in a former issue, a great many conjectures have been made as to who he is, no reliable testimony has been offered. The stranger was seen earnestly conversing with Kenny of Sorin fame during the week. Some of the fans are inclined to think he was urging Kenny to accept the position of correspondent to the "Ladies' Home Journal," made vacant by the resignation of S. Aldephonse Arkitektural Ill. Kenny on being questioned declared that the conversation referred to was merely an argument on the general fitness of the transcendental emotions. James Mendota Dubbs offers the suggestion that this mysterious prowler may be an agent for a new hay husker. Quig O. D. shadowed the stranger as far as the door of the private sanctum of the editor of the "Bertrand Holler," where he lost the trail. There were no games in the league this week. Pertoot, however, still hopes the manager of some major league team may pick up the mascot of the Rochelle Pink Stockings.